

DELL

10¢

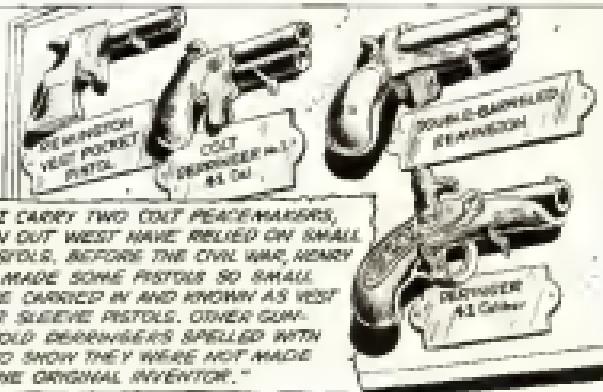
the Lone Ranger



WANTED!

**The man with
"The Missing Markers"**

Derringers



"THOUGH I CARRY TWO COLT PEACEMAKERS, MANY MEN OUT WEST HAVE RELIED ON SMALL POCKET PISTOLS. BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR, HENRY DERRINGER MADE SOME PISTOLS SO SMALL THEY WERE CARRIED IN AND KNOWN AS VEST POCKET OR SLEEVE PISTOLS. OTHER GUNMAKERS SOLD DERRINGERS SPELLED WITH TWO R'S TO SHOW THEY WERE NOT MADE BY THE ORIGINAL INVENTOR."

"ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR GUNS WAS THE DOUBLE-BARRELED REMINGTON DERRINGER, WHICH WAS ONLY FOUR INCHES LONG AND WEIGHED ELEVEN OUNCES."

"THE 'WONDER' DERRINGER SERVED A DUAL ROLE WHEN ITS METAL FRAME WAS USED IN THE SAME WAY AS BRASS KNUCKLES DURING A CLOSE FIGHT."



"WHEN IN A WESTERN BAND HOISTER AND HIDDEN BY THE STRAIGHT FULL CUTS OF THE PERIOD, THE DERRINGER WAS QUICKLY DRAWN WHEN TROUBLE STARTED."



"ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST INFAMOUS SHOOTINGS WAS MADE POSSIBLE WHEN A DERRINGER WAS CONCEALED ON JOHN WILKES BOOTH SO HE COULD ENTER FORD'S THEATRE TO ASSASSINATE LINCOLN."

the Lone Ranger

RANGER JIM'S ORDEAL

TAKE
COVER!

GET 'EM UP,
SCOUT!

PING!



WHO FIRE AT
US, KEMO
SABAY?

I DONT HAVE A
CHANCE TO SEE HIM,
TONTO! BUT I
INTEND TO FIND
OUT WHO HE IS!

COVER ME WHILE I
THROW THIS SMOKE
BALL INTO THE
SHAFT HE'S
FIRING FROM!

UGH!



GOOD! TONTO
HAS KEPT HIM
BACK!

SECONDS LATER...

DO-DON'T
(COUGH!)
SHOOT!

THEN COME
OUT WITH
YOUR
HANDS UP!



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REMO SABAY
HIM BE
PROSPECTOR!

YES, AND I'D LIKE
TO KNOW WHY
HE OPENED FIRE
AT US!

IT WAS YOUR AMASACI!
FIGURED YOU WERE
PART OF THAT
GANG COMING BACK!

WHAT
GANG?



TWO WEEKS BACK, SIX RIDER'S SHIPPED
ME IN THESE HILLS! TOOK MY GOLD
DUST, BUT WORST OF ALL---
STOLE MY GOLD MAP! LEFT
ME MILES FROM HERE ON
FOOT AND THEN THEY
ROPE BACK HERE!

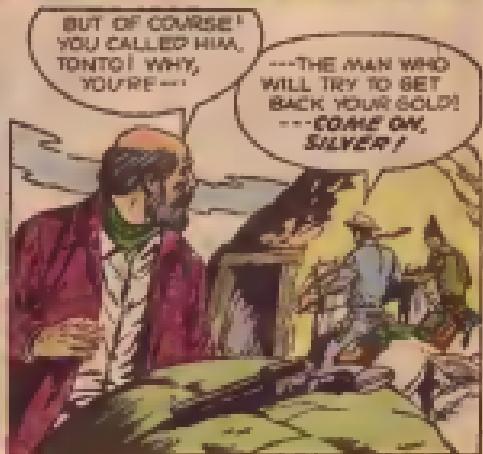
TO YOUR
MINE IT



TONTO AND I WILL
BE ON THE LOOK-
OUT FOR THOSE
SIX---

JENOSAHPHAT!
TH-THOSE
BILLETS ARE
SILVER!

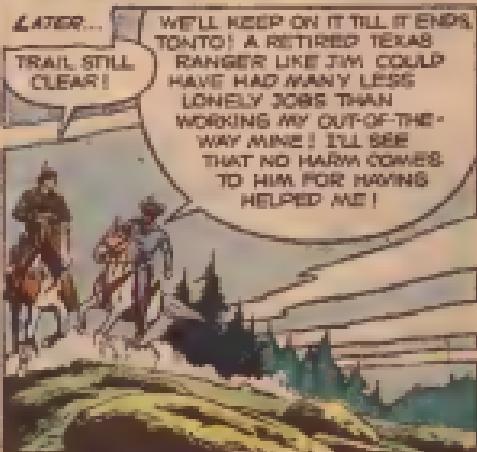
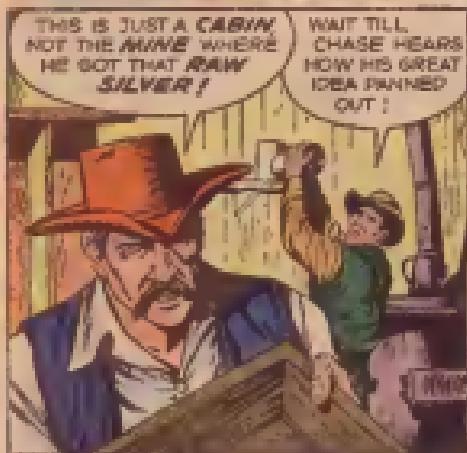
YES---BUT THEY DONT
LEAVE ME MUCH! IT WAS
JUST A SHALLOW GOLD
VEIN, BUT THOSE VULTURES
PICKED IT CLEAN!



BUT OF COURSE!
YOU CALLED HIM,
TONTO! WHY,
YOU'RE---

---THE MAN WHO
WILL TRY TO GET
BACK YOUR GOLD!
---COME ON,
SILVER!







AND AS THE MAN RETURNS TO THE SHAFT...

WE FOUND YOUR CABIN, I TELL YOU
BUT WE'RE AFTER
YOUR MINE!

THERE IS NO
MINE! I WAS RUED
OFF FOR MY LAST
JOB WITH SILVER
--THAT'S ALL!



MINUTES LATER...

EASE OFF, CHASE!
HE CAN'T TALK WHILE
HE'S OUT COLD!

I NEED A REST
ANYWAY!



GOOD---I FOOLLED
THEM---INTO THINKING
---IM UNCONSCIOUS!



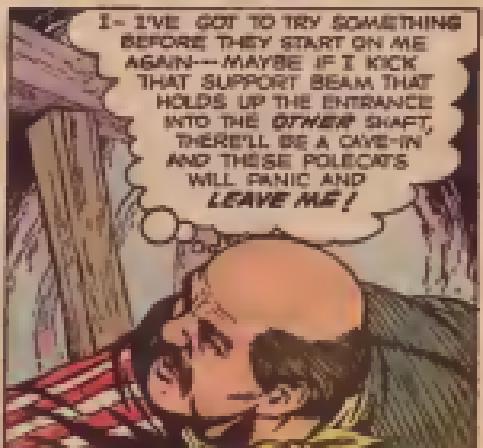
BUT WHAT A FOOL I WAS---TO
HAVE LET THEM CATCH ME---
ON MY WAY TO TOWN---
WITH A POCKETFUL OF
RAW SILVER! ---BUT
I CAN'T---MUSTN'T
TELL THEM WHERE
THE LONE RANGER'S
MINE IS---
MUSTN'T---

MEANWHILE...

MEMO SABAY,
MAYBE THIS OLD
SHAFT JOHN
OTHER!

IF IT DOES, TONTO, WE
MAY HAVE A CHANCE
TO SURPRISE THEM
AND RESCUE
JIM!







BUT AS THE LONE RANGER STARTS INTO THE SHANTY, SUDDENLY...





THEN JIM QUICKLY PUTS TO WORK A PLAN
OF THE LONE RANGER'S...





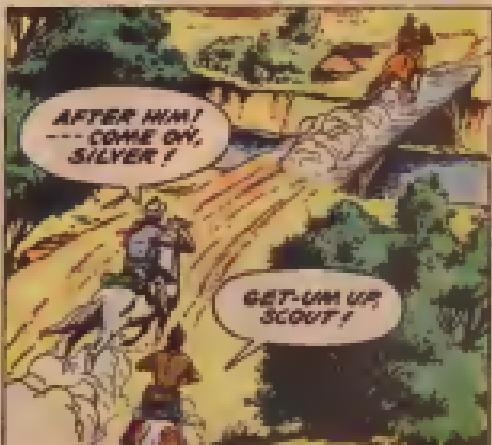
AND AFTER RECOVERING THE MINER'S STOLEN ORE, AS TONTO TIES THE ROBBERS...



the Lone Ranger

THE UNSEEN INTRUDER







SOON AFTER, THE LONE RANGER LOOKS DOWN THE LONG LINE OF MEN...



YOU - YOU ARE THE
ONE WHO ATTACKED
THE EXPRESS
AGENT!



REMO
SABAY!



RECOOOW!

THE WAY THAT FELLOW
WENT FOR HIS GUN, HE
MUST BE THE ROBBER,
BUT HOW DID THE
MASKED MAN KNOW?



FONT SOLUTION - TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN:



HANG GARRY.
MAN WHORE THE HOLDEN FOAR A GERT.
SEASALANTH WAS LEFT HANDEDE. ONLY ONE
ROOF OF THE BUCK OF THE LEFT.
SHIRL. SHIRL THE BUCK WAS ON THE LEFT.
AND SURELY MAN HAN HANNEE WHE THE
ATTACKER PUT THE HAND DED. MULY
ACCORDING TO THE EXPRESS AGENT, HIS

GO HOME GUNMAN



Cal Thorpe, owner of the town hotel, stepped up to Hawk Norton, the notorious gunman who had recently come to Sagebrush. Thorpe had been chosen by the Citizens' Committee because he was the biggest man and might scare Norton.

That was a laugh, thought Thorpe. It was his own knees that were shaking.

"Well?" snapped the gunman, hands on hips.

"The council . . . uh . . . met last night," choked Thorpe, "and decided . . . well, this is a peaceable town and . . . er . . ." Thorpe swallowed, unable to finish.

"Want me to move on, eh?" growled Norton, finishing for him. "But I like it here. I'm staying, savvy?"

Thorpe raised his voice, trying a threat. "Sheriff's out of town but when he returns, he'll drive you out . . ."

"He'll be another notch on my gun," broke in Norton, his eyes cold as ice. "The only way I'll leave is feet first . . . if you've got a man in town to try it."

Hitching his gunbelt, Norton swaggered down the street. People scurried out of his way. He had the town terrified. Thorpe mopped his brow, reporting to the

Committee. "That varmint won't leave. No man in town can draw iron on him . . . and live."

"I'll do it," spoke up a cheerful voice. It came from the pudgy little man with the black bag beside his chair.

"You, Doc Purdy?" laughed Thorpe. "You don't even carry a gun and you don't know which end shoots. You must be joking."

"I'm serious," insisted the doctor getting up. "Tell Hawk Norton I'll be waiting at my office. Tell him to be on guard because he's going to get shot."

As the little man waddled out, Thorpe shook his head. He sought out Norton and gave him the Doc's message. Half the town watched with bated breath as the gunman strode boldly to the doctor's office. He kicked the door open and barged in.

Across the street Thorpe winced as he waited to hear the shot, waited to see the gunsmoke swagger out, blowing the smoke out of his gun barrel.

But there was no shot. And when Norton came out, he was running toward his horse. He scrambled up and galloped off as if wild Indians were after his scalp. It was plain to see he never intended coming back.

Thorpe ran into the doctor's office. Purdy sat smiling at his desk.

"How did you drive him out of town?" gosped Thorpe.

"Oh, I just warned him he might die of the plague."

"Plague?" echoed Thorpe. "What plague?"

"Why, didn't you know the town's full of it?" winked Purdy. "And that dozens have died already? I told Norton he might be the next victim, squirming and screaming in horrible agony before the merciful end."

"Doc, you old bluffer!" cried Thorpe. "And he swallowed it?"

"Not till I told him that if he insisted on staying in town, he would get shot—in the arm. Funny, when I drew steel on him he backed down."

Chuckling, Doc Purdy held up a long, sharp hypodermic needle.

YOUNG HAWK

"KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT AROUND THIS BEND, LITTLE BUCK! THERE MAY BE OTHER CANDES!"

"OR WE MIGHT SIGHT GAME! DON'T KEEP TOO FAR OUT FROM SHORE, YOUNG HAWK!"

DESCRIBING AN UNKNOWN RIVER DEEP IN THE SIERRA MADRE RANGE OF MEXICO, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK HAUL ONE OF THEIR BOUND PRISONERS

"A YOUNG DEER OR EVEN A WATERFOWL WOULD GO FINE!"

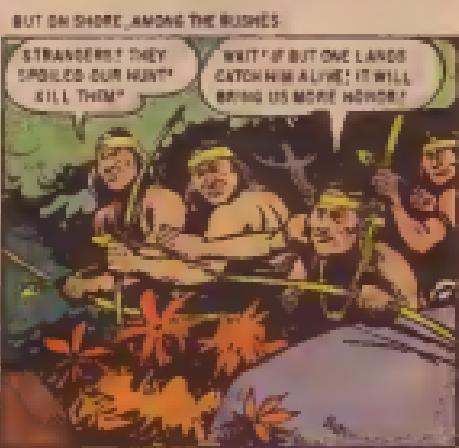
"DO YOU NEVER THINK OF ANYTHING BUT YOUR APPETITE, LITTLE BUCK? WE'LL DO NO HUNTING UNTIL WE ARE PAST THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF THIS ENEMY TRIBE!"

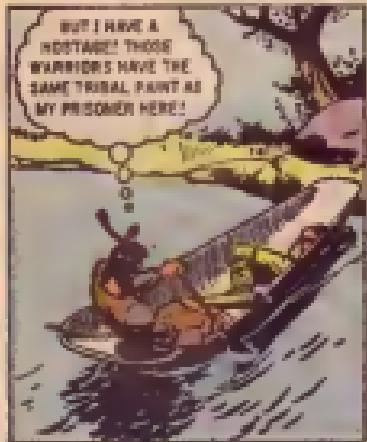
"THERE WILD TURKEYS!"

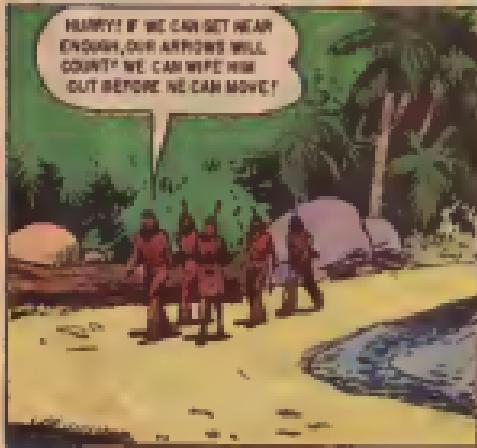
"IT'S A LONG SHOT! YOU WAS WASTE YOUR ARROWS, LITTLE BUCK!"



LUCK AND SKILL COMBINE FOR A PERFECT SHOT! THE BIGGEST GOBBLER FALLS AND THE REST SCATTER.









SNOW TALK HAS ITS LIMITS, BUT YOUNG HAWK IS ABLE TO MAKE HIS ENEMIES UNDERSTAND HIM



YOUNG HAWK'S WORDS MAY HAVE MEANT LITTLE --- BUT NOW HIS TONE OF VOICE IS CLEAR TO HIS PRISONER AND THE OTHERS!



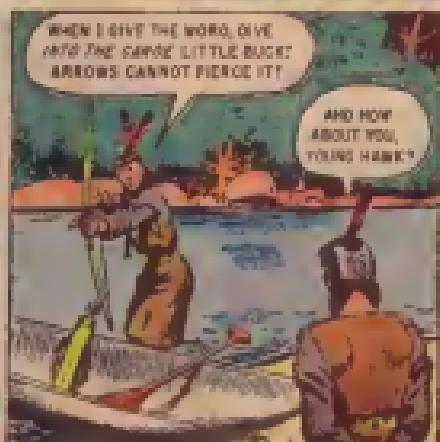
WHEN OUR MAN REACHES US
WE WILL TELL HIM TO FALL DOWN
-- AND AT THE SAME TIME WE WILL
LOSE OUR ARROWS AT JEST OF
THE OUTLAWERS!

SO IT GOOM
THE OUTLAWER WITH BOUND
HANDS CANNOT SWIM!



WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, GIVE
INTO THE GANDE' LITTLE BUCK!
ARROWS CANNOT PIERCE IT!

AND HOW
ABOUT YOU,
YOUNG HAWK?

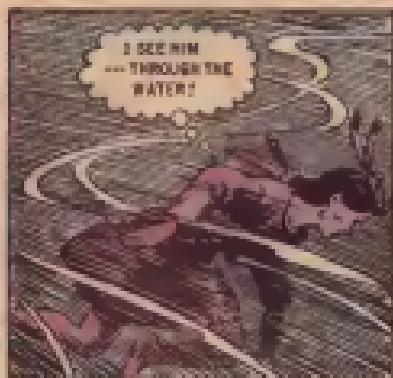
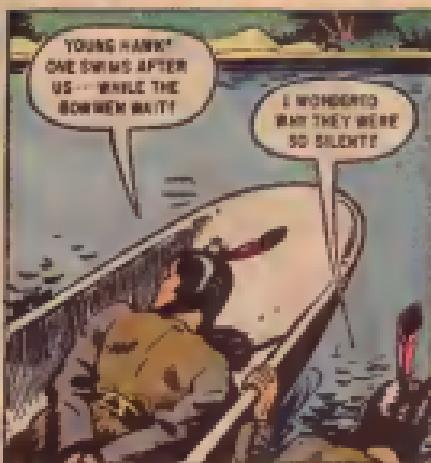




AT THEIR LEADER'S YELL, THE OTHER THREE BOOMEN FLINCH,
SPOILING THEIR AIM.

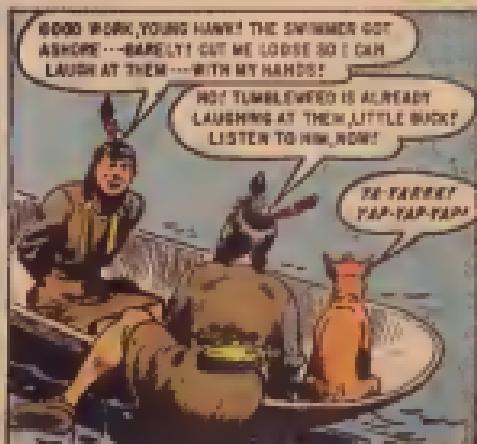
FLINGING HIS WEAPONS INTO THE CANOE,
YOUNG RABE DIVES.





RELEASING THE CANOE, YOUNG HAWK TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND SWIMS, SWIMMING BACK TOWARD HIS ENEMIES.

THE ATTACK IS SO UNEXPECTED THAT YOUNG HAWK'S OPPONENT BREATHES IN WATER AS HE IS PULLED UNDER.



the Lone Ranger

THE MISSING MARKERS

(TOMI, USE YOUR GUN!)

BANG!

ZING!





MINUTES LATER...

KEMO SABAY HERD
CROSS WHERE
MARKERS USED
TO BE!

WE'D BETTER STOP
THAT HERD BEFORE
THE CHEYENNES
SPOT IT!



A MASKED MAN!

HE ISN'T RUNNING
OFF MY HERD!



HOLSTER
YOUR
GUN!

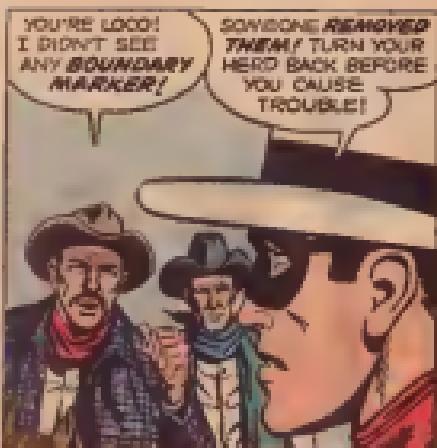
BANG!

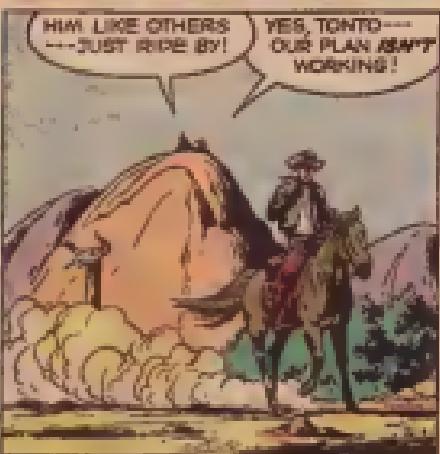


M-MY
GUN--

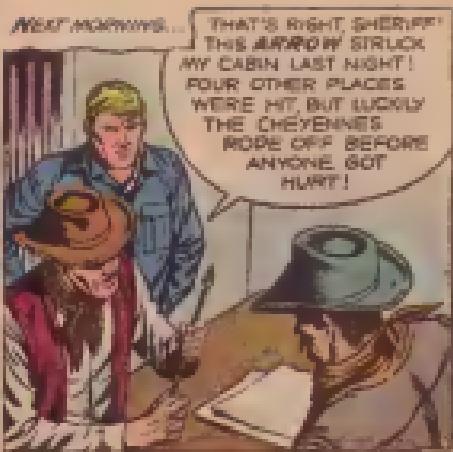
--ALL OF YOU,
DROP THEM!

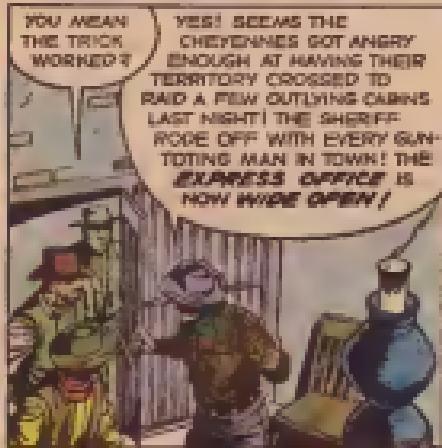


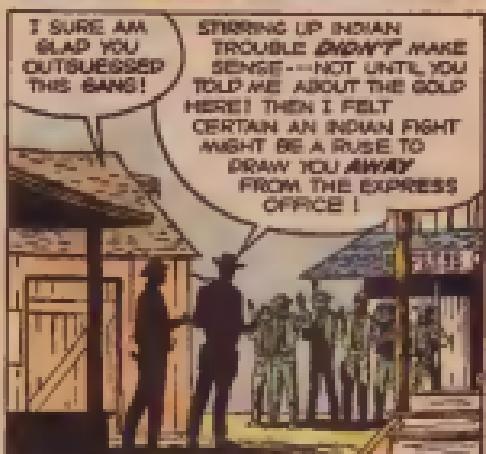












Brands

"BRANDS HAVE ALWAYS INTERESTED ME BECAUSE SINCE THE DAYS OF THE OPEN RANGE, CHECKING BRANDS WAS THE ONLY WAY AN OWNER COULD TELL HIS CATTLE AT ROUNDUP TIME. CALVES WERE MARKED WITH THEIR MOTHER'S BRAND THEY CARRIED THEIR OWNER'S TRADE MARK FOR LIFE."

"SOME BRANDS
WERE LETTERS."



"HANGING D"
TEXAS



"TRIPLE CROSS"
NEW MEXICO

"OTHER BRANDS
WERE PICTURES."

"RUNNING O"
NEBRASKA



"DINNER BELL"
CALIFORNIA



"TRAIN BARREL"
ARIZONA



"BROKEN HEART"
NEW MEXICO



"DOUBLE A"
TEXAS



"BARBEQUE"
TEXAS

Only

two

dared

to enter

**"DANGEROUS
WATERS!"**

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TONTO

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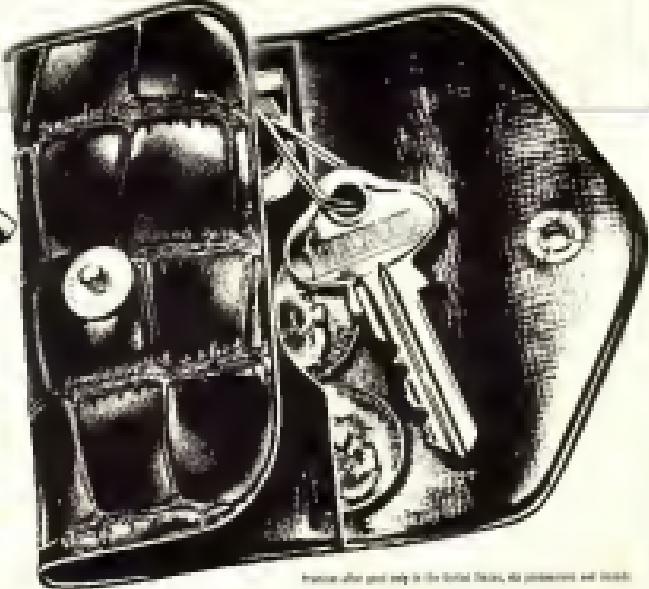
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SEVEN-UP
PRESENTS

SAM'S LINGO LESSONS

(Fun for your next party! Have guests
call from panels. Give each 3 minutes
to invent one new Lingo term. Award
prize for cleverest one.)

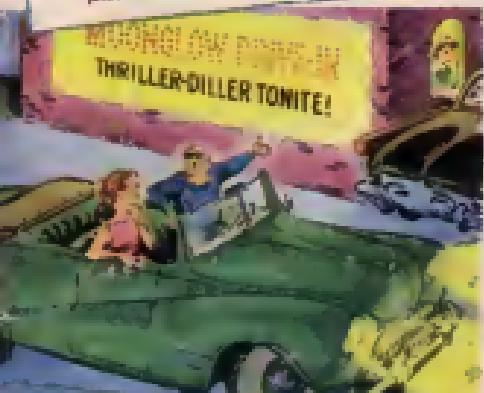


POETIC PETE WOULD SAY: "Under a spreading chestnut-tree,
the village smithy stands..."

SAM WOULD SAY: "Times up! He's shooting in the shade!"

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY? . . .

MOVIE-MAN DICKENSON
THRILLER-DILLER TONITE!



MOVIE-FAN FRANKIE WOULD SAY: "Want to see a comedy downtown—or a mystery movie on the drive-in?"

SAM WOULD SAY: "Want to chuckle in your chair in the village square—or share a scare in the open air?"

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY? . . .



TENNIS TRUDY WOULD SAY: "C'mon, start
playing. I feel ready to win!"

SAM WOULD SAY: "Don't stall with the ball!
I'm set to claim the game, Mama!"

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY? . . .

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**"NOTHING DOES IT
LIKE SEVEN-UP!"**



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your poor parched throat or dusty dry mouth. No wonder
everybody's drinking it! Get in on the fun. Order 7-up when
you're out—and be a 7-Upper of home, too!



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